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WHAT GIFTS ARE THINE!

Thou hast some gift of song or speech,
My faltering heart;
Thou hast some power God's poor to reach
With love's own art:
What gifts—what Heavenly gifts—are thine,
O soul of mine!

And it is thine with reverent awe
God's thought to trace,
And mark the moving of His law
Through starry space:
What gifts—what Heavenly gifts—are thine,
O soul of mine!

And thou may'st soar on path of light
Beyond the stars:
No fetter binds thy pinion's flight,
Nor prison bars:
What gifts—what Heavenly gifts—are thine,
O soul of mine!

Nor needst thou pause at Heaven's gate,
But enter there;
The Power on which archangels wait
Moves at thy prayer:
What gifts—what Heavenly gifts—are thine,
O soul of mine!

—*Mrs. Mary H. Field, in Chautauquan.*

THE AMSTERDAM BOY.

The New Story I Told My Inquiring Offspring.

I read with great interest the analytical stories of the present day. What strikes me most about them is the state of mind of the hero of heroine. My reading shows me that these individuals have the most tender and questioning consciences. No matter how trivial their actions, the characters of our modern books are tortured by the most severe searchings of heart and the gravest of doubts as to the correctness of whatever course it pleases them to pursue. Now I have to admit that I am not at all that kind of person. How I came to be projected into such an analytical world I have been at a loss to imagine. A thing always appears to me to be right or wrong, and I take the one course or the other, as seems best at the moment, and my conscience rarely bothers me with questions.

But this world is a world of compensations, and what a person misses in one stage of life he frequently finds in another. If my conscience doesn't question me my little boy does. He more than makes up for any deficiences of past life. He can ask me more questions in a minute than I can answer in an hour.

He has an insatiable desire for stories, and here Providence again steps in to my relief. If he were like me, desiring a new story every time, I would have been insane long ago. The imaginative power of Dickens would fall short of the demand. Fortunately, however, he is more than satisfied with the same story repeated over and over again; but he resents any alterations in the good old yarns. He won't have thirty-nine thieves, nor will he put up with forty-one. Cinderella's slipper must be glass. Although I have explained that a ruby slipper or an amber one is much more expensive, he declines to accept it.

As he grows older I am appalled to find that an occasional desire for a fresh story takes possession of him. If this mania continues I fear that I shall have to desert my family and seek refuge on some desert island. As this country is full of little human interrogation points I intend now and then to print some of my efforts, so that other afflicted parents may ward off for a time the attacks of their too inquiring offspring, and if any one has any thing new in the way of bloodthirsty narratives suitable for children of tender years, I would take it as a great obligement if they would give me some hints about them."

"Papa, I want a *new* story this time."

"Do you really?"

"Yes, a real new one that nobody knows about."

"Well, once there was a man named Ala Babba, and he"——

"Oh, that's the forty thieves."

"Oh, you've heard that before, have you?"

"Yes, lots and lots of times.'

"Then there was once a poor man who lived in a wood. How does that strike you?"

"That's a good one."

"And he had seven sons"—

"Was one called Hop-o-my-thumb?"

"You hit it the first time. Heard *that* one?"

"That's an old, *old* one."

"Oh, *you* want something recent—something fresh. *Now* I understand. Well, about six months ago there was a fellow named Jack."

"Not the giant killer?"

"Oh no, that was several years ago. This person was an agriculturist."

"What's that?"

"A farmer. He had wonderful success with his crops, too. He planted one single bean and in the night it grew so"—

"Now papa, that's *mean*."

"What? The bean?"

"No, the story. You know that's the oldest one yet. I knew that one when I was a baby."

"What are you now?"

"I'm big now. Biggern *that* story."

"Then you want a story made like your clothes, bigger and bigger every time. Don't you think if I would let the tucks out of some of the old stories they would fit?"

"No, they wouldn't."

"Then nothing will do but a complete new suit. Well, here goes."

"Sure?"

"Yes, sure this time. One September day I got into the city of Amsterdam."

"Where's Amsterdam?"

"In Holland."

"And where's Holland?"

"Oh, round Amsterdam principally."

"Oh." Then a pause. "Why do they call it Holland?"

"Because it is a hollow land. The land is lower than the sea."

"Then what keeps the sea out?"

"Oh, it doesn't *stay* out all the time. Sometimes the Hollanders wake up and find themselves floating all over the room."

"Isn't that nice?"

"Well, they don't look on it that way."

"What do they do?"

"Oh, they get out of bed and dive for their clothes—then go and pump the country out and go to bed again. I suppose you don't care to hear the story?"

"Oh, yes. Go on with the story."

"Well, as I was saying I was in Amsterdam and I went to see the Koopmans Beurs. That's a nice name, isn't it?"

"Yes, what does it mean?"

"It is the exchange where people go to buy and sell things."

"Is there one in Detroit?"

"Yes. They call it the Board of Trade there."

"Does it get under water?"

"Lots of folks get swamped in boards of trade in all parts of the world."

"Was it full of water in Amsters when you was there?"

"No. That wasn't the water day. It was full of something else. What do you think, now?"

"Men?"

"No. It was men that I expected to find there, but I found something far worse than men. Not a man dared to show his face in the exchange that day. They were afraid. What do you think it was?"

"Bears?"

"No; that was not the day for either bulls or bears. Something worse."

"Lions?"

"No, sir. Worse than lions."

"Tigers then."

"Worse than tigers."

"I didn't think there was any thing worse than tigers. Elephants?"

"Oh, ever so much worse than elephants. Listen and hold your breath. That great building was full of little boys. Yes, sir. Think of *that*."

"Are the little boys in Amsters very bad?"

"Bad? Aren't they bad all the world over? But those boys were awful. When your innocent father went in there they gave one terrifying whoop and went for him. The stove in his hat; the tore his coat; there were a thousand boys, more or less, on his shoulders most of the time, and, when your honored parent got outside you wouldn't have known him. He was the worst used up parent *you* ever saw."

"What did those boys do that for?" Didn't they know you had a little boy at home?"

"My son, they didn't stop to make any inquiries. They seemed to want no particulars about my family. It was me they wanted at that moment, and they got me."

"I think that was dreadful."

"I quite agree with you at the moment. You see, this was how it was: There is one day in the year when all the little boys of Amsterdam have the run of the exchange. If a grown-up man goes in that day they have a picnic with him. The doorkeeper knew all about it, but your poor papa didn't, though he noticed the door man grin when he went in."

"He was a bad man."

"He was, indeed, but to make up for it he told your papa all about why the boys were there and so that kind of made up for it. The guide book says that in 1622, some few years before you came to this country, the boys of the town discovered a plot of the Spaniards to take the city of Amsterdam, and since that time the children are allowed to play for a week in the Exchange. But I like better the story the old man told me. It was about a little boy who was the hero of"—

"Not the hero of Haarlem, papa?"

"What about him?"

"Oh, that little boy. *You* know. He stayed up all night and didn't let the water run into the town till his arm ached. Don't you remember?"

"Didn't I say this was a new story? You are trying to work off that old one on me."

"Then it isn't *that* one," with a sigh of relief.

"No; that danger is past. This is an entirely fresh one. The little boy was one day playing under a bridge. There are lots of bridges in Amsterdam. He heard two men on a barge tell each other how next day when the King was to cross that bridge they were going to blow it up. You see the barge was full of gunpowder. So the little boy crept out and ran and told his father, and his father went to the palace and told the King's men, and they went and caught the two men and found the barge full of powder, and then the men confessed and told who had given them the money to do it. The King sent for the little boy, and his father brought him there before all the court. You may be sure the little boy was very much frightened."

"Did they kill him?"

"Why, of course not. What would they kill him for?"

"I thought Kings always killed little boys when they caught them."

"Oh, no. You wrong Kings very much. They often have little boys of their own, and, strange to say, like them very much."

"And are they just like other folks' little boys?"

"Precisely the same. They make the King tell stories till his head aches and the crown won't fit. Well, as I was saying, the King heard how this little boy had saved his life, and he patted the boy on the head and told him that he could have whatever he asked for.

"Then there was an awful, anxious moment for that boy's papa. He hoped the boy would have sense enough to ask for $100,000 and a new suit of clothes. Every body held their breath to hear what the boy would ask for. Now, what do you think it was?"

"A rocking horse?"

"No."

"A locomotive?"

"No."

"A sleigh? What was it?"

"He said he wanted to play all day in the exchange. Then every body laughed and his father tore his hair."

"The boy's hair?"

"No, his own. He would have liked to tear the boy's hair, but he remembered where the switch and the strap were at home, and thought he would wait a bit. But the King gave the boy a lot of money and said that on that day every year the big men would have to go fishing or do something else and let all the little boys of Amsterdam jump over the seats of the great hall in the Exchange."

"Is that *all*?"

"All. Isn't that enough?"

"Yes. Tell me another, papa."—*Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.*

ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

Synopsis of the Law Under Which They Must be Conducted.

The expensiveness of elections is constantly increasing in this country, and no steps have been suggested to correct the tendency. The English have wrestled with the problem and within a few years have made an enormous reduction in the cost of elections. A reform was imperatively demanded, owing to the open bribery which defeated a fair expression of opinion. In 1880 the cost of the general election was $20,000,000. Of course no such amount of money could be used for legitimate expenses, but only for bribery. In 1883 Parliament passed a comprehensive law to prevent election bribery and corruption. It has succeeded, perhaps too well; that is to say, members of Parliament have been unseated on technical constructions without having, in fact, violated the spirit of the law.

This act prescribed a penalty for bribery, which term is applied to the giving or lending or agreeing to give or lend money or any thing of value or official or personal influence by the candidates or his agents. One member was unseated because, some time after the election, he promised one of his voters the loan of an agricultural implement. It is bribery when "any person, who either himself or by proxy, either before, during or after the election, directly or indirectly, gives, provides, or pays for, either wholly, or in part, any meat, drink, entertainment or provision, to or for persons entitled to vote" A candidate or his agent is not allowed to convey or to pay for the conveyance of a voter to the polls. "No payment or promises of payment may be made on account of bands of music, flags, banners, cockades, ribbons, or any other marks of distinction, nor may the latter be distributed gratis."

The candidate for Parliament must name one person to act as his agent, giving public notice of his name and address. No agent or election clerk is allowed to vote. All the campaign and election expenses must be paid through this agent, who must keep an account by items for examination, both the candidate and the agent swearing to the accuracy of the account. The amount of money that may be expended by any candidate is fixed by law, including the payment for ballot-boxes and ballots, and the cost of polling stations. For instance, he is allowed to pay no more than $7.50 per thousand for printing ballots, no more than $5 for a ballot-box or $1 when it is rented, etc. The penalties for the violation of the law are so severe and detection is so certain that election bribery as we know it has enfirely disappeared. The cost of elections has been reduced fully three-fourths since 1880.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

An Up-and-Up-Man.

A gray-haired old man and a young woman, walking hand in hand, passed a policeman on Jefferson avenue a day or two ago, but had not gone thirty feet before the man halted and retraced his steps and said:

"Mister, we are married."

"Well?"

"Here's the certificate."

"That's all right."

"Married in Toledo yesterday, and there were two witnesses."

"I didn't question it, did I?"

"No, but I'm an up-and-up man. I'm sixty-two and she's nineteen. She's my third. We look and act soft, and I don't want any body to think we've eloped."

"You are all right."

"I hope so. Hear any body saying any thing just tell 'em you've seen the certificate. Please remember: I'm sixty-two—she's nineteen—married in Toledo yesterday—two witnesses—third wife—both supposed to have softening of the brain."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A polar bear recently brought to San Francisco is treated to a bath of ice water every half-hour to make him feel at home.

AN ERUDITE HERMIT.

The Queer and Lonely Western Home of an Aged Scholar.

On the right bank of Green river, twenty miles or more from the town of Granger, Wy., is a singular dwelling. Architecturally it combines the dug-out of the plains with the old log cabin of the oak openings. In its isolation and security it is a castle; in homely simplicity and dreary surroundings it is a hovel. From the outside you would call it a potato cellar or a moorland stable, but once inside the oaken door you pronounce it a museum of natural history. The room is a trifle longer than it is wide. Opposite the door is a small camp cooking stove, flanked on one side by a large packing-box, used for a washstand, and on the other by a plain cupboard.

Against one wall is a rude bunk, made of boards, filled with hay and covered with coarse gray blankets. Over this, pendant from a noble pair of antlers, is a Winchester rifle, a cartridge-belt and a hunting-knife. On the other side of the room is a rustic book-case. The floor is of clay, hard and cold, save for the black bearskin in front of the bed and the tawny coyotte hide by the stove. Scattered about are traps of various sizes, chains, fishing-tackle, pelts, birdskins, groceries and clothing.

The occupant is evidently a hermit. His character, for he is not at home, we will discover from a hasty perusal of the books upon his shelves. He must be a man of education and refinement. Here is Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton and Pope. Novelists are represented by Hawthorne, Cooper, George Eliot, Thackeray, Scott and Ebers. Kant, Newton, Hamilton and McCosh have their place. "Isis Unveiled" is beside "Atlantis." There are old magazines and standard works on hunting, trapping and natural history, and in its old leather covers is an edition of Cicero's "De Senectute," the title of which bears the simple inscription: "—— ——, Dartmouth College, 1848."

Evidently our hero has more of a history than many of the characters of modern fiction. Here he comes now, through the sagebrush—a rifle slung on his shoulder, the hind quarters and hide of an antelope on his back. Grizzled and weather-beaten, his sixty-odd years have made him as tough and sturdy as the gnarled oak. His kindly welcome assures us that he does not regard all intruders as enemies, and we are soon eating venison steak, using pocket-knives for forks, and drinking coffee from the common cup. After supper, as we sat around the warm fire and clouded the atmosphere with fumes from corncob pipes, he told us the story of his life.

After his graduation he was smitten with the gold fever, and after a long trip around the Horn reached California in the spring of 1850. The next seventeen years were spent in prospecting, and his fortieth year found him a disappointed and disheartened man, so far as wealth and worldly success were concerned. The golden treasure was always in sight, but never within his grasp. As in hundreds of similar cases, others reaped rich benefits from his labors. Then he devoted himself to hunting and trapping in the Sierra, along Snake river, and finally in Wyoming, where he had been for the last seven years.

His friends are dead. He has no love for the world from which he has been so long an alien, and he expects to die as he has lived, alone. He is no longer poor, but might live in comfort on the savings of the past twenty years. But no; he is too settled in his life to exchange it for the privileges of civilization. Coyote hides, beaver pelts and the skins of black bear and "silver tips" do more than support him, and his spare time is devoted to rewriting his copious notes on the fauna of the Sierra and the Rocky mountains. And so, unknown in life, he hopes to save his name from oblivion by giving to the world of naturalists the results of his patient study and observation.

Were his case an isolated one I should not have mentioned it. But such is not the fact. The mountains of the West are full of misanthropic men who love nature with all the intensity of Burroughs and John Muir, who, for her sake, make their homes in the wilderness and feel absolute enjoyment only as she reveals to them her secrets and hidden mysteries. Their hearts are the kindest and softest, but at the same time their natures are as rugged and inflexible as the mighty peaks among which they live, and I reverence them as priests of those mysteries which are foreign to the world of business and pleasure. Their minds are far above the shop and the ledger, and if their refining and elevating influences are felt only by the rude cow-boys and sheepherders with whom they come in contact, their lives will not be spent in vain.—*Cor. N. Y. Journal.*

—A seventeen-mile levee, a much-needed improvement, is to be built shortly between the towns of Hickman and Tiptonville, Tenn. By it 38,000 acres of fine farming land in Kentucky and 15,000 acres in Tennessee will be protected from the spring overflows. It will cost $140,000.

—An English gardener has noticed roots protruding from the stock end of a cucumber which had been immersed in water. The fruits of the prickly pears, which have the same botanical conformation, have been known to root in the same manner, and the plant has been propagated in this way.—*Arkansaw Traveler*

THE CHEAPEST WAY.

How a Colored Man Got Into Trouble by Following His Wife's Advice.

"Is this Joe Bullock?" the judge asked.

"Yas, sah, dat's my name," replied an old negro, who had just been brought into court.

"Well, Mr. Bullock, the grand jury has found an indictment against you for bigamy. Are you ready for trial?"

"Oh, yas, sah; ready ernuff fur trial, but I doan know nuthin' 'bout bigamy. I knows dat I ain't allus hones', an' I recollecks dat I'se been drunk er few times an' dat I fell from grace in the church wunst, but I neber knowed befo' dat I wuz er bigamy."

"I mean," said the judge, "that you have more than one wife."

"Oh, is dat it? Wall, sah, I reckons I'se dat man, but what right de gran' jury got ter come findin' er 'dictment ergin me?"

"Under the law, Mr. Bullock, you have committed a penitentiary offense."

"Wall, dat is sho'ly cuis. I mairid er lady down yan in Souf Klina an' libed wid er laung time an' wuz er good husband ter her an' den I comes ober yere—"

"And married again," the judge suggested.

"Yas, sah, dat's what I done, but lemme tell yer, 'twan't bercaze I want ter bre'k de law, but bercaze it wuz cheaper."

"Cheaper!" exclaimed the judge. "What do you mean by cheaper?"

"W'y, sah, I foun' dat it would be cheaper ter mair ergin den ter sen' back ter Souf Klina after mer wife, Em'ly Rose—dat's mer wife's name, sah; sorter fat, yaller lady, an' limps er little bit wid her lef' foot, she do. I say dat Em'ly Rose tole me fo' I lef' ter be ez cheap ez I could. 'Joe,' sez he, 'I want yer ter be mighty keerful o' yer money, an' w'en yer think yer kaint erford er thing, w'y, honey, doan yer do it. Take my 'vice an' yer'll see dat luck gwinter run yo' way.' Wall, sah, after I come yere an' sorter knocked erroun' erw'ile, I got ter thinkin' wudder it would be better ter sen' back after Em'ly Rose ur mair er lady yere, an' I 'cluded dat I better mair yere, 'cidin' I could git er cheap lady. I foun' er lady, I did, dat wuz cheap, an' I mairid her. An' now de law hop up an' say I didn' do right. Do yer speck de law ter know mo' 'bout my bizness den I does? I thought de law wuz fur de perteckshun o' er passon. I didn't know dat it 'vised him ter do dat w'ut cost de mos' money. How do de law know how much money I ken erford ter spen'? Would de law ruther see me spen' all mer money er fotchin' er wife yere an' den not hab no money ter git her nothin' ter eat wid after I got her yere, ur see me mair er lady w'ut is already yere an' den hab money ernuff lef' ter rent er house an' put some meal an' meat in it?"

"Mr. Bullock, you virtually plead guilty, and it is therefore unnecessary to appoint a lawyer to defend you. If you throw yourself upon the mercy of the court, you will be let off with the slightest possible punishment—one year in the penitentiary."

"Look yere, jedge, dat wan't do, 'caze w'en I come out bof dem women will done be 'skaped. Jedge, it ain't gwine neber do ter gin er lady er year's start o' er man. Ef yer does, de man's dun lef' sho. Hafter go? Den go'-bye ter dem wives o' mine."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Long Street-Car Line.

The longest street-car line in the world is now in process of construction in the Argentine Republic. It is so much longer than any other line that it quite dwarfs the eight and ten mile roads of our cities. It is also the only street-car line in the world which uses sleeping-cars. The road has two hundred miles of track, connecting a number of towns in the vicinity of Buenos Ayres. Horses are used there as motive power instead of steam, because fuel is dear, horses cheap, and the people are slow. Two tons of coal will buy a horse and harness. The equipment for this road has been entirely furnished by a Philadelphia car company. The sleeping-cars are a curiosity. They are four in number, eighteen feet in length, and are furnished with four berths each, which are made to roll up when not in use. The cars are furnished with lavatories, water-coolers, linen presses and other conveniences, and are finished throughout with mahogany. The other cars are four double-decked open cars, twenty platform cars, twenty gondola cars, sixteen refrigerator cars, four poultry cars, furnished with coops, eight cattle cars, two derrick cars for lifting heavy material and two hundred box cars.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Poor George's Exercise.

Uncle Zeb (visiting niece)—Maria, put on your wraps and come with me for a drive. My carriage is at the door.

Young Wife—Please excuse me, uncle. I have been shoveling the snow off the walks, carrying in coal and emptying ashes, and I am too tired to dress.

Uncle Zeb—H'm! Where's George?

Young Wife—He's at the gymnasium, practicing on the lifting machine. Poor dear George has to have some exercise, you know.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia recently sent three white bears to Rosa Bonheur as a philopœne present. The artist will use them for models.

MINNEHAHA FALLS.

An English Estimate of Minnesota's Most Picturesque Scene.

Travelers visiting the Falls of Minnehaha will do well not to expect to see too much. The waterfall is in no respect gigantic or imposing. There are in many parts of the world others which fully equal it in their attractions. As a matter of fact, it is certain that the Minnehaha would never have attained to any thing like its present fame had not Longfellow brought it so prominently into notice by naming after it the bride of his hero in the "Song of Hiawatha," wherein he speaks of the "dark-eyed daughter of the ancient arrow-maker," who was—

Wayward as the Minnehaha,
With her mood of shade and sunshine,
Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,
Feet as rapid as the river,
Tresses flowing like the water,
And as musical as laughter.

Nevertheless we do not for a moment wish to deny that Minnehaha is an exceedingly beautiful and picturesque waterfall. On the contrary, we assert that it is so. The stream, on arriving at the edge of the overhanging precipice, throws itself over it in a broad unbroken sheet, which, after falling some sixty feet or more in a graceful curve, reaches a circular pool below, the sides of which are kept perpetually wet by the steamy spray that is for ever rising from beneath the falling water. After dashing itself into this pool, the water glides rapidly away along a narrow channel, occupying the bottom of the valley and closely hidden by a dense growth of bushes and small trees, laughing and chuckling to itself, as though pleased with the graceful feat it has just performed. A secluded pathway runs for a mile or so along the bank of the little stream, through the thick brushwood, until it suddenly reaches the bank of the broad, saw-dusty river, hastening rapidly onward towards its far-distant ocean home, over two thousand two hundred miles away in the Gulf of Mexico. From this spot the visitor must return to the falls, as no path can be made along the foot of the nearly perpendicular bank, formed of a fine white sand, which rises almost straight from the water's edge. But the Minnehaha well deserves another visit. Its different aspects are too many to be all taken in at one glance. One of its most notable peculiarities lies in the fact that visitors may walk right round beneath it, from one side to the other, by a passage which is, we believe, partly natural and partly artificial. It gives a strange sensation to walk the length of this passage, with a solid wall of limestone rock on the one hand and a torrent of falling water within arm's distance on the other, pouring down with thunderous noise into a pool some thirty feet below. Certainly the waterfall has about it much that is calculated to fascinate and charm the beholder. It is impossible to entertain any but pleasant thoughts

As one sees the Minnehaha,
Gleaming, glancing, through the branches,
As one hears the laughing water
From behind its screen of branches.

But Minnehaha is not always thus. At times when the ice-king has laid his grasp with unusual severity upon the fair face of nature, he builds the Maiden-Spirit of the Falls a splendid palace of ice, of which the noble hall is floored, curtained, columned, arched and walled with ice. Chaste stalactites of ice are hung within, and without the massive walls and roofs are added to and thickened till the whole forms a huge dome of ice, which has been fancifully called "the ice-wigwam of Minnehaha." In this, so says the legend of the red man, Minnehaha sings the long cold winter through. At the time of our visit, however, it is almost needless to say that the maiden wore her summer garb.—*Good Words.*

Walled Lakes of Iowa.

Along the water sheds of Northern Iowa there are a great many small lakes, varying from half a mile to one mile in diameter. One of these in Wright County, and another in Sac County, have each received the name of "Walled Lake," on account of embankments that completely surround them. It has been generally supposed that these embankments were thrown up by the ancient inhabitants of the country. They are from two to ten feet high, and from five to thirty feet in width. Some who have examined these, however, declare them to be the result of natural causes only, and ascribe them to the periodic action of ice, aided to some extent by the force of the waves. The lakes are very shallow, and in winter they often freeze to the very bottom. The ice freezes fast to the earth below, and as in its expansion it acts in all directions, from center to circumference, a certain part of alluvial deposit is forced to the shore, and this going on from year to year, and from century to century, has created the natural embankment.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—Mrs. C.—"Doctor, you were at the last illness of my oldest boy?" Doctor—"Yes." Mrs. C.—"You also tended professionally my husband, who died." Doctor—"Yes." Mrs. C.—"Well, my second husband is sick, and I would like you to see him through, too."—*Life.*

—Man may become old and careworn and weary of hollow joys. His soul may sicken at the glitter and glamour of life, and he may gaze with scorn on the frivolous follies of society, but it's a caution the way he'll shin up a tree to have a look at a circus parade.—*Lincoln Journal.*

PITH AND POINT.

—Some men carry too much sail, some too little.

—Oppression of any who are in the minority is the greatest cowardice.

—It may require more time and means to raise a flower than a weed, but the market is better.—*Pomeroy's Advance Thought.*

—The French ladies have a saying that a man should keep his eyes open before marriage and half shut afterward.—*Texas Siftings.*

—"I thought you took an unusual interest in my welfare," remarked an unsuccessful lover. "No, indeed," she replied, "only in your farewell."

—"Well, old fellow, its all settled. I am going to be married in two months. You will be one of the witnesses, I hope." "Count upon me. I never desert a friend in misfortune."

—"Maria, I wish you were a native of France," said Smythe, as he rolled over in bed at 1 a. m. "I'd like to know why?" "Because I don't know a word of French."—*Washington Critic.*

—"Did you know a mule was a mighty intelligent animal?" said Smythe to Brown. "No." "Well, he is." "How do you make that out?" "Look at the amount of brayin' work he does."—*Washington Critic.*

—Perpetual Motion, as It Were.—

Oh, gas may escape and gas may burst
And vanish in noise and flame,
But the meter's hand, in its quiet way,
Goes traveling onward, day by day,
And gets there just the same.

—*Omaha World.*

—By and by, undoubtedly, marriage licenses and divorces will be sold in single perforated sheets, and young men can buy round-trip tickets to matrimony at reduced rates.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Brown—"Do you know how long Robinson has been keeping house?" Smith—"No; but it must be a good many years. I took dinner with him the other day and he carved a duck without spilling it on the floor."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—As the tree is fertilized by its own broken branches and fallen leaves, and grows out of its own decay, so men and nations are bettered and improved by trial and refined out of broken hopes and blighted expectations.—*F. W. Robertson.*

—A true sarcasm is like a swordstick—it appears at first sight to be much more innocent than it really is, till all of a sudden, there leaps something out of it—sharp and deadly and incisive—which makes you tremble and recoil.—*Sydney Smith.*

—Amateur Actress (rehearsing)—"You must not say 'exit' when you retire from the stage, Mr. S'ssy." Amateur Actor (triumphantly showing her the book)—"That's what the book says, Miss Gushington." Amateur Actress (convinced)—"Why, so it does!"—*Epoch.*

Boston Man—"I think people must be becoming honest. I have carried a valuable silk umbrella for five years and no one has ever touched it yet." Omaha Man—"Got a lock on it?" "No, it is just like any other handsome umbrella. I bought it from John L. Sullivan. His name is on the handle."—*Omaha World.*

—Eastern Girl—"How enthusiastic you are about that Western town." Western Youth—"Town?. Not town, city." E. G.—"Oh, I didn't understand. I had an idea from your conversation that it was rather a new place. I should love to visit and see your art galleries and theaters, and institutions of learning, and"— W. Y.—"Well, we haven't got them yet, but if you'd come to our city we'd show you things that would make your mouth water." E. G.—"Indeed." W. Y.—"You bet! We could show you some of the finest ten-thousand-dollar vacant lots you ever set eyes on."—*Tid-Bits.*

HE DIDN'T COME BACK.

A Fastidious Young Pedagogue's Experience in the Far West.

"Want to git board here for the winter, hey?" said a rural resident to a fastidious young gentleman who had been engaged to teach the winter school in that district. "Well, I guess we can 'com'odate you if you're a mind to jist sort o' take things as they come. We don't put on no airs here, we don't. We're jist plain, ever'-day kind of folks, and—here, you, Bill, keep your fingers out'n the teacher's pocket; and, Buck, you give him back his watch and chain, or I'll larrup you good!

"As I was a-sayin', mister, the teacher gin'rally boards here, and—Mary Jane, git off the back of the teacher's chair; and Jack, you better bring his hat back 'fore I give you a-warmin'!

"Yes, sir, mister, you'll find us plain sort of folks, and—Tom, if you and Zed don't stop stickin' pins into the teacher, he'll not let you sleep with him when he comes here to board!

"You see mister, the boys they take turn about, two at a time, a-sleepin' with the teachers that board here, and—*Bill*, I see you pinnin' that old rag to the teacher's coat-tail. Give him a rap over the head, teacher! Here, you, Buck, you jist go and tie that bull-terrier up again! You see, the boys they've got a little trick of settin' our old bull-terrier onto all the teachers that board here. Oh, I tell you, you'll not lack fer lively comp'ny here! What'll you bet Buck can't down ye two times out'n three in a fair and square rassle? B't he kin! Shed your coat and try him one. No? Got to be going? Don't be snatched! Well, you come right along, and we'll make you right to home."—*Puck.*